

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

## LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,  
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. II.]

SATURDAY, August 25, 1804.

[No. 99]

## AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.

*A Letter from a Lady to her friend.*

DEAR CAROLINE,

IN my last letter I promised to give you an account of a melancholy affair I heard in my late agreeable visit at B—. I now hasten to fulfil my promise; and I beg you will attend to the moral which maybe drawn from so particular and affecting an incident,

One afternoon as madam B— was sitting amidst a circle of her friends, a very amiable young lady with her mother added to the number of the guests, which were numerous. I observed every eye in the room was fixed on the above mentioned young person, with the strongest marks of compassion.

On my looking attentively in her face, which was very agreeable, I observed a particular wildness in her eyes, which led me to believe her understanding had been disordered: the deepest melancholy was impressed on her countenance; neither did she speak during the whole visit. Her mother appeared perfectly well bred, but by some sighs which escaped her, I imagined she had some grief on her spirits, which time and christian philosophy only could remove.

When the company were all departed,

I gave madam B— my opinion of Miss Denby (so the pensive young lady was called) when her ladyship informed me that I was perfectly right in my conjectures, for that she had been for two years confined in a private mad house in Chelsea, on account of the most tragical affair imaginable:—that all who knew her were inexpressibly grieved at the misfortune, as she was the most amiable young person in the world; and that her worthy mother, no longer being able to bear her absence, was determined to have her under her own eye; and as her disorder appeared to be a fixed melancholy, and now was greatly better, by seeing a little company, and daily airings, she often introduced her amongst her friends in the neighborhood.

This account strongly excited my curiosity, you may be convinced; which the good lady B— that very evening, when we were seated in the hermitage, after a walk in the wood, satisfied me nearly as I can remember, in the following words.

"Miss Denby, with a brother, a brave officer in the army, were the only children of the worthy lady you saw last night, whose husband died many years since, and left a large fortune to his children. The daughter, at the age of seventeen, was one of the most accomplished, as well as lovely of women. About that time, her brother, who lo-

ved her to excess, brought from London a Mr. Villars, a most particular friend of his, for whom he had so uncommon a regard, (they having been bred together at the same school, and travelled in the same party abroad) that his most ardent desire was to see his darling sister the future wife of that dear friend.

"Mr. Villars was extremely amiable; he possessed a large fortune, and what was infinitely preferable, one of the best hearts in the world. To see Miss Denby was to love her; Mr. Villars, therefore became on his first visit very sensible of her beauty and merits.—Her young heart was equally affected:—and he soon found the declaration he made of his passion was received in the most favorable manner.

"Mrs. Denby was as much delighted as her son with the prospect of so agreeable an alliance; and in a few months nothing was talked of in this county but the approaching marriage of these amiable young persons.

"Some business relative to this happy event, called Mr. Villars to town, in which excursion he was accompanied by his friend; as, indeed they were inseparable. This short absence appeared insupportable to the lovers: however, to lessen it in some measure, they agreed, at parting, to write by every post, and fixed on that day month to be united forever.



## THE VISITOR,

The friends (for they never had any other appellation) had been in town about a fortnight, when they dined at a public tavern, with a large party of gentlemen. As the company were all men of rank and genius, many subjects were started of elegant authors: particularly, after dinner, several of them entered into the common topic of debate, which had most merit, the ancients or the moderns; and at last, the conversation fell upon the subject of letter writing.

"It must be confessed (said Mr. Villars) that the ladies excel us in this respect: they have an ease—a delicacy of expression, which we cannot arrive at.

"I cannot be of your opinion, (said the next gentleman)—their style is often unconnected and perplexed:—you may talk of the easy style of your madame Sevigne, your madame Maintenon,—but give me a letter of Pope or Swift."

"Pardon me, sir, (said Villars) but with all due deference to those two great names you have just mentioned, I cannot give up my point in favor of the ladies' letter-writing; especially where the soft passion is the subject—there they shine indeed.—It should seem, by their peculiar facility in expression on the subject, that they were formed alone for tenderness. I have a letter, (continued he) in my pocket, that, I believe, will not fail to confute you:—It is from a lady to her lover, to whom she is to be united in a very short time.—You will think it peculiarly tender.—It is so:—but heavens! how delicate!—how refined the sentiments!—how artless the style! I will give you here a specimen of letter-writing: listen therefore, and be confuted."

"Saying this, he took from his pocket-book a letter which he read to the party around him. The sentiments were extremely tender and passionate, and the letter was highly applauded.

"During this conversation, colonel Denby was sitting at some little distance, but heard the whole of it. With the utmost astonishment he heard the letter read; and sitting some moments almost petrified with wonder, he suddenly started from his seat and left the room. Mr. Villars did not observe him, as he was engaged in conversation; but in less than half an hour after, he received

a note sealed up, in which were the following words:

"Villars,  
"YOU are a base scoundrel—a perfidious villain—and a disgrace to human nature. I am at the crown tavern, Pall-Mall, where I expect you will follow me the instant you receive this. Add not cowardice to detestable perfidy, but come away immediately. Your vile conscience will help you to my name."

"Mr. Villars could hardly make out the sense of this enraged billet, it was so extremely blotted and scrawled in the excess of passion, nor could he guess the writer; but was resolved at all events to attend the summons. He immediately went to the place appointed, and was ushered into a room—When, gracious heaven! what was his amazement, to see his friend under the power of ungovernable passion—to hear his beloved Denby, in the most opprobrious terms, ordering him to draw his sword, on the instant, or the next should be his last!

"Good God, said Villars, what is the matter?—What in the name of goodness, is the cause of this sudden fury?—Are you mad Denby?"

"Thou cool, deliberate villain, replied he; thou more than mean, thou infamous rascal, dare you ask the cause? This instant draw, I say, or I will treat you as you deserve."

"Mr. Villars, who was likewise a man of spirit, and of great warmth, could not, it must be imagined, bear patiently this opprobrious language; he therefore drew his sword, and in his own defence stood upon his guard, his adversary having already drawn his own from the scabbard.

"A few passes were made, when at one fatal thrust. Denby ran his sword through the body of his friend, who instantly fell weltering in blood at his feet.

"The people of the house, hearing the clash of swords, ran to the door; which they broke open, and beheld the most shocking scene imaginable; Denby kneeling by Villars covered with his blood, now repenting his rash action, and weeping over him.

"Ah! Villars, he exclaimed—live—live—and be my friend again! Gracious heaven? have I murdered thee? Oh? look up—say you forgive me!—Wretch that I am—fly all for aid, I beseech you."

"All aid is vain, said the dying man, come nearer, Denby, and let me breathe my soul into the bosom of my friend. I feel the cold, the powerful hand of death upon me."

"But why—say why?"

"Commend me to thy much loved sister.

"Ah! my Villars, (said Denby weeping) why—but I reproach thee not:—it was the cause—the sacred cause, of that dear injured sister's honor, which has occasioned this most shocking deed."

"Thy injured sister?—(said Villars in faltering accents) heaven! what mean you? explain—explain—be quick, my blood flows fast."

"That letter—that cursed letter, returned Denby, is the horrid cause. How could you with wanton sport, betray the sacred confidence of honor the dear girl reposed in you?—To expose the sentiments of her delicate soul to the laugh—the ridicule of a mixed society?—It was too much—I could not bear it. But live, Villars, live; you are again my friend—and Harriet shall still be thine.—Come, let me raise thee in my arms!"

"O God! said the almost expiring Villars; ah! my friend, what fatal rashness!—but I forgive thee. Alas!—My Harriet's sacred confidence has never been betrayed!—How couldst thou wrong me, to admit that thought?—O fatal, dire mistake! that innocent letter, the cause of all this mischief, I transcribed from the manuscript memoirs of a late celebrated countess, at the desire of my sister, to whom I should have sent it by to-morrow's post—Alas! I am guiltless. O the sting of death is the sharper that my Denby should believe me capable of so much perfidy!—Harriet—my angel—may we be united in a better world than this!—Denby—I die—receive my last breath."

"It was indeed his last—he breathed no more.

[To be concluded in our next.]



(From the American Farmer.)

### THE BLACK SHEEP.

**T**RAVELLING once in the New-England states, I overtook a Shepherd, who was following his flock along the country road, and merrily whistling any tune which first came into his head. Good morning, Mr. Shepherd, said I, you appear to be very happy in your humble situation. In yonder village, replied he, I have a small cottage, 3 or 4 acres of land, a wife, two children and one cow: by the industry of my wife, my family are handsomely maintained in Summer; and my wages are more than sufficient for our support during the Winter; so that we are able to lay up a little every year, for a wet day.—The Winter becomes agreeable to me, by the amiableness and innocence of my family, by the company and conversation of my friendly neighbors, and by the entertainment and instruction I receive from what few books I have. As soon as the woods begin to echo around my cottage with the whistling of the Spring birds, I cheerfully betake myself to my summer's labor; which is by no means fatiguing. The bleating of my sheep forms my music; and my ambition ascends no higher than their welfare, and that of my family. I have many pleasing dreams under the cool shade by the side of the road, in the day, while my faithful dog watches by my side; and were it not for a certain *black sheep*, which I have in my flock, I should be perfectly happy; but this unruly fellow is always jumping into people's fields, and leading the rest of my flock astray; and neither my trusty dog nor the well known sound of my horn, to which the rest are always obedient, can keep him in subjection:—but I hope soon to get rid of him, and then I have nothing, that I know of, that can give me any kind of trouble."

The Shepherd's artless conversation impressed my mind forcibly. I began to conclude that all mankind had their *black sheep* attending them, in one shape or another. I recollected that I had seen many people who appeared, and some who professed, to be almost happy; but I never saw nor heard of any who acknowledged themselves completely so: the finishing stroke was still wanting; this obstruction must be removed, or that object obtained, before they could reach the desired haven. Haman, the

Agagite, was one of those almost happy people: the peculiar and distinguished honors conferred upon him by King Ahasuerus, and his Queen, Esther, had intoxicated Haman, and flung him into a delirium of pleasure; but, when he called together his wife and friends, and told them of the glory of his riches, and the multitude of his children, and all the things wherein the king had promoted him, &c. Yet, says he, *all this availeth me nothing*, so long as I see *Mordecai the Jew*, sitting at the king's gate; and it seems that this *black sheep* of Haman could only be removed by a gallows 50 Cubits high.

I have secured my produce, says the Farmer, my grain and my hay are safely stowed in my barn. I have committed the seed of another winter-crop to the earth; and have sold my spare stock to advantage. I have an excellent Farm, and it is well brought to; but my neighbor *Late-get-up*, whose Farm joins upon mine, keeps such miserable fences, that his cattle are ever breaking into my enclosures and doing damage. I wish he would sell me his Farm and move off; and then I shall have *nothing* to plague me.

The merchant has made his fortune, and retired from business. He brings his sons up to college, and gives his daughters ample portions. He lives in fashion, is held in high estimation, and would be *entirely happy*, if his imagination were not continually haunted with the grating, tormenting sound of *cent per cent*.

The Clergyman, who has long enjoyed the benefit of a fat salary, and pushed his children into agreeable situations, would pass the evening of his life in domestic serenity, were it not for that rogue Swift; but the sound of

"Know how to preach old Sermons next.

"Vamp'd in the Preface and the Text,"

echoes in his ears like the toll of a Death-bell, and disturbs many of his dreams of future felicity.

The Lawyer, after wrangling a few years at the Bar, climbs to the higher walks of life; he dips deeply into electioneering, and is ever the public's most humble servant. He is advanced

into the various grades of public employment, until he gains a seat in the state legislature. Like M'Fingal's Hero, he

"Gains offices by constant seeking,  
Squire, Captain, Deputy and Deacon."

He then assumes the *Umni* ostentations, and commands a kind of *envied respect*; smokes his pipe with *big folks*, and *intrigues* for a seat in congress: could I once attain that, says he, "I should be *content*, without aspiring to the Chair of the chief Magistrate.

So we see that all those denominations have their *black sheep* to remove before they can obtain complete felicity.

Physicians are ever removing, not only the *Black*, but the *White Sheep* also, and that out of the world; and what may seem strange, they are still stumbling upon them; wherever they go.

The Lover sighs to the evening gale, and condoles with his sleepless pillow. He traverses the silent grove by the glimpse of the Moon, or hails *Aurora's dawn* with the tear of woe. He wanders about like the pelican of the wilderness, and laments like the dove of the valley; the image of his *cruel fair* torments his broken slumbers, by the preference given to his rival! Starting, he awakes in wild agony, and his thoughts are haunted with daggers, pistols and poison! This indeed is a very difficult *black sheep* to remove.

The beautiful *Clarissa*, surrounded by a croud of youthful beaux, who, like butterflies of a Summer's day, flutter in the sunshine of her smiles, or, like the insects of a frosty morning, shrink into non-existence whenever she frowns; we might fancy would have no *black sheep* to remove. She is escorted to the ball-room, the play-house, and to parties of pleasure, by the first in *ton*; and, in every circle, she bears the bell; but she sighs, for pleasures more substantial and sincere; she contemplates superior joys in the silken chambers of *Hymen*. Beware, my dear girl, how you make your choice; for, if you suffer *fancy* to preside over judgment, you may be encumbered with a *black sheep*, which time only will remove.

PRINTERS have a few *black sheep*, among a large number of *white* ones; but these they would not wish to remove.



If once in a quarter, or half year, they would but yield a suitable portion of wool.

[The following by an oversight has been deferred much longer than was intended: yet we hope it may still have some effect in reclaiming the libertine therein alluded to.]

For the Weekly Visitor.

#### COPY OF A GENUINE LETTER.

SIR,

IF my exhausted spirits will support my trembling hand, while I write a few lines to ease a broken heart, it is the last office I require of them: then may they leave me, that I may find a safe retreat in the grave from the scorns of men.

I do not come now, armed with the awful name of virtue, to accuse you of the basest ingratitude: no, the scene is entirely changed.—You have robbed me,—cruelly robbed me of that brightest gem in a female character!—yet I come as an humble suppliant.—Is this possible?—Am I awake! or do I dream?—Oh, poor deluded girl! think not of what you once was, but what you are!—but how can I refrain from calling to remembrance those delightful days of my innocence, when, with a sincere heart, and a serene countenance, I could look up to heaven and beg that the God of Purity would be my portion? But ah! how am I fallen?—how is virtue faded?—how does conscious guilt fill my soul, and blushes cover my cheeks?—Sad reflection on my past state hurries me to meditate on the future, which opens so many tremendous scenes to my view as strikes me back in doleful remembrance of the past. I look up to heaven, and, behold, an offended Deity!—I cry out to my friends, but they turn a deaf ear to my entreaties!—I fly to my aged parents; who were once all my comfort, and they, bathed in tears, cry out, “you have brought down our gray hairs with sorrow to the grave!” If to get one moment’s ease, I wander in the fields, my heart is torn at every step by conscious guilt; where each flower as I pass them, seems to say, “Touch me not,—I am innocent!”—Thus is all nature arm’d against me!

On whose account am I so forsaken

by heaven and earth? why, for the man who strove to gain my affections, and became master over them: and now inwardly smiles to think I was such an easy prey.

Once he thought me worthy of the greatest art and pains to gain; and now thinks me even unworthy to own: and despises me for trusting to his honor; for putting confidence in his words! Oh, hypocrisy! how canst thou wear so smiling a form?—Generosity where art thou fled?—Honor, hast thou forsaken the human race?

Look on my distresses, and have mercy on me, O my God!—despise me not, Oh my friends, for reproach hath already broken my heart!—Forgive me, O my distressed parents, and let the cold grave receive me in its most peaceful recesses, that my shame may be buried in eternal oblivion!

And now, sir, if your heart is not as hard as an adamant rock; if your conscience is not seared as with an hot iron, they may bring up past scenes to your view. And although you disbelieve in all revelation, yet you do profess to believe there is a God: and therefore remember, that he has an arm of vengeance; and that he will hear the cry of the wretched! and shall I now summon you to appear at his awful tribunal? Oh, no! I find you are still too near my heart; and my only return of resentment is a wish, that you may, in the hour of distress, in the hour of death, find that consolation from your God and Saviour, which you have denied to your wretched

P—y J—n.

(From the Connecticut Courant.)

#### HOW TO PREVENT DWELLING HOUSES BEING HAUNTED.

MANY people whose circumstances might enable them to enjoy even more than a common portion of domestic felicity, are rendered miserable, by reason that the houses they live in are haunted. A fiend, of a most frightful aspect, enters even their bolted doors, stalks through their kitchens, their parlors, and their bed-chambers, making frightful noises—sometimes hoarse,

sometimes shrill; overturning the chairs the tables, the crockery, &c. and throwing every thing into confusion. The name of this foul fiend is *Domestic Discord*; and it is of that species of demons, which, when once having obtained strong possession, is almost impossible to be cast out.—Therefore I shall propose means to prevent the evil, rather than remedies for it in its inveterate stage of existence.

Before giving your hand in marriage, examine critically the character of the person with whom you propose forming this important connection; and prefer those qualities which will wear well, to such as are merely showy. A fine face, a genteel air and figure, a charming voice, ready elocution, quickness of wit,—however attractive—are poor substitutes for sound sense cultivated by useful education, prudence, integrity, benevolence, together with the residue of the train of domestic virtues.

Expect not unalloyed felicity in the marriage state. Such an unreasonable expectation must ever prove the parent of disappointment. If you think your bride an angel, or that the man who gives you his hand in marriage, will through life act towards you the part of a hero in romance, a few years, perhaps a few months or weeks, will show you your mistake; and the never-failing disappointment of such romantic expectations tends to produce coldness, alienation, and bitterness of mind. The Angels neither marry nor are given in marriage; this kind of contrast and relation is between mere mortals, who at best, have some failings which must be overlooked or patiently borne.

As before marriage, you cannot be too critical, afterwards you can hardly be too candid in your judgment of each other. If you find some unexpected flaws in temper of foibles in character, assiduously endeavor to cure them, not by reproaches, but by all the winning arts of prudence and benevolence; or if they should prove incurable, bear them, as much as possible, with good humor. Meanwhile look stedfastly and chiefly on the bright side of character; and see whether the good qualities do not balance or even outweigh the faulty ones.—your wife perhaps is peevish in her temper and sometimes scolds; but if she is neat, industrious, frugal, faithful to all your interests, you have more



cause for self-congratulation than for murmuring.—Perhaps your husband is hasty and choleric—when he uses passionate expressions toward you, let not the law of kindness depart from your tongue, but requite them with mild and soothing words: if you be yoked with a fool, an habitual drunkard, or an unfeeling brute, all this will not avail, but if your husband be a man of understanding and sensibility of heart, by patience and good humor, on your part, you will be able to calm the tempest and smooth the asperities of his mind.

Ever prize the *chain of domestic friendship* as the choicest of all your household furniture; frequently examine every link; if any should grow weak strengthen it; should any happen to gather rust, burnish it till its lustre be fully restored:—so will you shun the grievous calamity of many, *that of living in a haunted house.*

#### ANECDOTES OF MISS BUTTLER AND MISS PONSONBY.

**M**ISS Butler and Miss Ponsonby (now retired from the society of men into the wilds of Llangollen in Wales, where they have resided seventeen years) bear a strong antipathy to the male sex, whom they take every opportunity of avoiding. Miss Butler is of the Ormond family, and had five offers of marriage, all of which she rejected: a Miss Ponsonby, her particular friend and companion, was supposed to have been the bar to all matrimonial union. It was thought proper to separate them, and Miss Butler was confined. The two ladies, however, found means to elope together; but, being soon overtaken, were brought back to their respective relations.

Many attempts were again made to draw Miss Butler into marriage, in vain. Not many weeks after the ladies eloped again, each having a small sum with them. The place of their retreat was confided to a female servant of the house.

Here they lived many years unknown to any of the neighboring villagers, otherwise than by the appellation of the *Ladies of the Vale*. No persuasions could ever get them from this retreat.

Miss Butler is tall and masculine; always wears a riding habit, hangs up her hat with the air of a sportsman, and appears in all respects like a young man, except the petticoat. Miss Ponsonby is polite, effeminate, fair, and beautiful.

The following lines are addressed to them by Miss Seward:

Now with a vestal lustre glows the *VALE*,  
Thine, sacred Friendship, permanent as pure;  
In vain the stern authorities assail,  
In vain Persuasion spreads her silken lure:  
High-born, and high-endow'd, the peerless twain  
Pant for coy Nature's charms 'mid silent dale and plain.

Thro' *ELEANORA* and her *ZARA*'s mind,  
Early tho' genius, taste, and fancy flow'd;  
Tho' all the graceful arts their power combin'd,  
And her last polish brilliant Life bestow'd;  
The lavish promiser, in youth's soft morn,  
Pride, Pomp, and Love, her friends, the sweet enthusiasts scorn.

#### THE GENEROUS SULTAN.

##### AN ARABIAN TALE.

**A**BDALAZIZ, Calif of Bagdad, was succeeded by his brother, the worthless and abandoned Yezid. At his accession to the throne, being asked by his wife (one of the most accomplished women of her time,) Whether any thing on earth was wanting to complete his happiness? He answered,—I want my *Habiba*. Though she well knew that this was the singing-girl that had plunged him into so much extravagance and folly, and who had been sold by his brother, the preceding Calif, she determined to sacrifice her own happiness, to complete that of her husband. She made every possible enquiry for the favorite slave, and was, in a short time, successful enough to hear she might be bought in Egypt for four thousand pieces of gold. A slave merchant was instantly dispatched; and, the bargain being made, *Habiba* was privately conducted to the palace, and by order of the Saada visited the baths, and took every other necessary refreshment after so long and fatiguing a journey. Nothing now remained, but a seasonable opportunity to present her, which offered in a short time after.

Saada, finding Yezid in an uncommon good-humor, ventured a second time to ask, If any thing was wanting to complete his happiness? To which he an-

grily answered—Nothing but the long lost *Habiba* can render existence supportable!

The Sultana made no reply, but, drawing aside the tapestry, discovered the object of his desire. Yezid, sensibly affected by the unprecedented generosity of his consort, forgot his passion for *Habiba*; and, during the remainder of his life, literally fulfilled the Arabian proverb—The reward of the beneficent, is beneficence!

#### ADVICE

##### ON A TRIVIAL SUBJECT.

**T**WO persons, meeting together in a narrow pass-way, often embarrass and seemingly insult one another, while the most friendly complaisance is mutually meant.

One skips aside to give the other the way; and the other, as if both had received an electrical shock, skips in the same direction, so that they exactly meet and nearly strike their heads together. Half confused by this disaster, they leap together to the other side of the way, and again meet, cheek by jowl. I have seen a gentleman and a lady dance this figure, till, in the words of Milton, "Confusion became worse confounded."

Now there is a sure and easy way to avoid this embarrassment: that is, whenever you perceive this skipping dance beginning, only *stand still*, and let the other party pass.

[Balance.]

Advertisement, copied from the *Monaghan paper, Ireland*: Whereas John Hall has fraudulently taken away several articles of my wearing apparel, without my knowledge, this is, therefore, to inform him, that if he does not forthwith return the same, his name shall be made public.

A Dublin Apothecary advertises, that he has removed to the corner of St. Peter's Church-yard, where he will let apartments, cellerage, and other conveniences *under ground* on moderate terms.



## A HORSE STEALING A MAN.

**T**HERE is a curious fact handed down by Lord Bacon, which if it had not the seal of such high authority, would be looked upon rather as a fabricated jest, than a true story. His lordship who was many years a judge, and afterwards Lord Chancellor of England, relates that a thief being brought to the bar and arraigned for being found on a stolen horse, positively insisted to the bench, that so far from his having stolen the horse, the horse had stolen him.

Fellow, said the judge, how dare you take the liberty of sporting with the court on such a solemn occasion; and even while your life is in jeopardy, to attempt to amuse us with such an absurd expression?—The horse steal you indeed!—It is true nevertheless, my my lord; said he firmly. I was passing through the fields upon my lawful occasions, when I perceived a fierce mastiff dog, which I feared might be mad, pursuing me. I ran to save myself—he was getting close up with me just as a high hedge lay in my way. Being very active, I leaped over it, and accidentally lighted upon the back of the horse, which being frightened, ran away with me so furiously that I could not stop him, until he came to the town where I was taken; and where the owner of the horse now lives.

The Jury did not think the evidence so conclusive against his resolute affirmation of the story, (improbable as it appeared) and so acquitted him—perhaps, says his lordship, not a little thereto moved by the whimsicalness of the defence set up.

[*Charleston Courier.*]

## TRAIT OF OLD TIMES.

**A** LAW to promote and enforce industry, especially *spinning*, passed by the Legislature of Massachusetts, in the year 1665.

Be it enacted by the authority of this court, that all hands, not necessarily employed on other occasions, as women, girls and boys, shall be, and hereby are, enjoined to spin, according to their

skill and ability: and that the select men in every town, do consider the condition and capacity of every family, and accordingly do assess at one or more spinners; and because several families are necessarily employed the greatest part of their time, in other business, yet, if opportunities were attended, some time might be spared at least by some of them for this work, the said select men shall therefore assess such at half and quarter spinners according to their capacities.

And every one thus aforesaid for a whole spinner, shall for time to come, spin every year for thirty weeks, three pound a week of linen, cotton, or woolen, and so proportionably for half and quarter spinners, under the penalty of twelve pence a pound short: and the select men shall take special care for the execution of the order, which may easily be effected, by dividing their several towns into ten, six, five, &c. parts, and to appoint one of the ten, six, five, &c. to take an account of their divisions, and to certify the select men if any be defective in what they are assessed, who shall improve the penalties, imposed on such as are negligent, for the encouragement of those who are diligent in this work.

## WHIMSICAL DANCE.

**T**WO elderly ladies walking to Plymouth dock, were met at Stokefield, by some jolly tars (one of whom had a fiddle.) They accosted the ladies, hat in hand, and told them they must make up their minds either to be kissed or dance a minuet on the grass.—The ladies chose the latter. An unobserved bystander, peeping over the hedge, describes it as a most diverting circumstance, to see two ladies going through all the mazes of the Minuet de la Cour up to their ancles in the mud. When the minuet was finished, the sailors returned the ladies their muffs and thanks for their politeness, and handing them over the stile, gave three cheers, and walked off in high glee towards Plymouth, playing, "God save the king."

## The Visitor.

SATURDAY, August 25, 1864.

## LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city inspector reports the deaths of 77 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

OF CONSUMPTION, 6—flux 30—small pox 6—apoplexy 1—casualty (a youth accidentally shot) 1—child bed 1—cold 1—debility 1—decline 1—dropsy 2—drowned 1—dysentery 5—intermittent fever 1—nervous fever 1—fits 7—intoxication 1—old age 2—palsy 1—spasms 1—sprue 1—still-born 1—sudden 1—suicide (a person who hanged himself in the debtor's apartment of the goal) 1—teething 1—whites 1—worms 1—

Of the whole number 43 were under the age of 2 years—3 between 2 and 5—6 between 5 and 10—1 between 10 and 20—4 between 20 and 30—2 between 30 and 40—3 between 40 and 50—1 between 50 and 60—2 between 70 and 80—and 1 between 80 and 90—

Of whom 22 were adults, and 55 children.

Died, on Thursday last week, on board the sloop Edward, captain Kelly, on her passage from Poughkeepsie to New-York, an infant daughter of Mr. TERRAZZ, a French gentleman, residing at Elizabeth-town, N. J. who, with his lady and two children, was on his return from Saratoga Springs, whither he had been for the recovery of his wife's health. The age of the child was sixteen months. By a sickness of six weeks she had been reduced to a mere skeleton. It is impossible to describe the unhappy condition of a fond mother, whose tenderness was doubled by the deplorable situation of her child, and who, instead of receiving from the sympathy of her friends that consolation which her distressed situation demanded, beheld herself surrounded by strangers, who, ignorant of her language, could only express their pity by their tears. But the agony of grief, which was wrought up to the highest pitch of frenzy when her expiring infant was wrested from her clasped arms, can on-



ly be conceived by those who were the mournful spectators of this truly heart-rending scene.

A gentleman of this city killed a large Rattle Snake on Tuesday in the Jerseys; and on opening it he found a large Rat, perfectly whole, the circumference of whose body was nearly double that of the snake, and to all appearance must have been swallowed alive.

Mr. S. Lambert, master of the county goal at Leicester (Eng.) is one of the greatest prodigies at present in the kingdom, being of the enormous weight of 40 stone 12 pounds; which is half a hundred heavier than the famous Bright of Malden, who buttoned up seven men in his waistcoat. Mr. L. had much dislike to let his weight be known; but having lately entered a post-chaise, by a preconcerted plan of some friends, he was taken over a weighing engine and it was thus discovered with accuracy.

Greensborough, August 11.

On the 9th instant, Mrs. Sarah Speer, the amiable consort of the rev. William Speer, of Unity township, was struck with lightning, and instantly expired.

According to information, Mrs. Speer had just arose from dinner, and on stepping into the kitchen, while passing the kitchen window, she received the fatal stroke. She was wounded on the head, and her shoulder was also generally torn. What adds to the affliction is, she was in daily expectation of confinement. The house received no other injury than shattering the casement of the window.

Thus in one sad moment, has a young and interesting family been bereaved of a tender mother;—and the acquaintances of the deceased, of a beloved friend.

A most extraordinary circumstance, says a late English paper, at present engages the public attention in Cardiff and its vicinity, which will also we presume, attract the notice of the medi-

cal speculatist:—A young woman recently died in child bed at Cadostone, near Cardiff, soon after delivery, and the infant pining for that nourishment which nature designed for it, the mother of the deceased, upwards of 70 years of age, put the child to her own breast, from which it soon drew milk, and a copious supply speedily following, she now continues suckling the infant to the admiration and astonishment of the whole neighborhood.



### Married,

On Monday evening, Mr. James Bennett, merchant to Miss Abigail Coles, daughter of Mr. John Coles, merchant all of this city.



### Died,

On Thursday last week, in the 92d year of her age, Mrs. E. Cook, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city.

At Nassau (N. P.) on the 23d ult. after an illness of four days, Mr John Gray, a native of Glasgow, and lately of this city.

### VALUABLE INFORMATION

To those who are subject to the Tooth-ach. BARDWELL'S Tooth-ach drops, the only Medicine yet discovered which gives immediate relief from this tormenting pain.

Since this efficacious medicine was first made public many thousand persons have experienced its salutar effects. The following recital case is selected from a numerous list.

### Extract of a letter recently received.

Gentlemen,  
"I had been tormented with the most excruciating pain in my teeth and face for near two months, and could obtain no relief from various medicines which I tried. Being strongly recommended to try Bardwell's Tooth-Ache Drops, I procured a bottle, and applied them according to the directions, and also washed the side of my face with them, which was exceeding sore, occasioned by the long continuance of violent pain. In a few minutes after I applied this valuable medicine,

the pain entirely ceased, and has never troubled me since. I feel real pleasure in making this acknowledgment of their merit, not only in compliment to you for so happy a discovery, but to insure the public confidence in a medicine so highly deserving, and from which mankind are likely to derive such eminent services. It is certainly the most efficacious medicine I ever heard of. You have my permission to make this letter public.

ELIZABETH CASEMORE,

No. 15, Thomas-Street, New-York."

Sold by appointment at Messrs. Ming & Young's, No. 102 Water-Street, Mr. Lawrence Bowers, 434 Pearl-Street, & wholesale and retail at Stokes & Co's. Medicine Warehouse, No. 20, Bowery-lane.

### W. S. TURNER,

Inform his friends and the public, that he has removed from Dey-Street to No. 15, PARK, near the Theatre; where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature, and so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method also of CLEANING the TEETH is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most raging TOOTH-ACHE his TINCTURE has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the DECAY is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 15, PARK, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years; and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by a constant application of it, the TEETH become beautifully white, the GUMS are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened TEETH are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with DECAY and TOOTH-ACHE prevented.

The TINCTURE and POWDER may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's store, No. 64, Maiden-lane.

### ANTHONY LA TOUR'S

### Register and Intelligence OFFICE

Has removed from No. 20, Broad-Street, to No. 29 Chatham-Roe, Second Door above the Theatre; where families or single gentlemen upon application, may be supplied with servants of every description; Merchants with Clerks; Mechanics with journeymen; —Also, Servants, Apprentices, Journeymen, Mechanics, and persons of every description may be supplied with places—such as,

|                      |                 |
|----------------------|-----------------|
| Clerks,              | Laborers, &c.   |
| Apprentices,         | House-keepers,  |
| Farmers,             | Wet Nurses,     |
| Gardeners,           | Dry Nurses,     |
| Coachmen,            | Seamstresses,   |
| Footmen,             | Chamber-Maids,  |
| Cooks and } on board | Wet nurses, &c. |
| Stewards } Vessels,  |                 |





## POOR POLLY THE MAD GIRL.

By H. W. Ireland.

POOR Polly was mad, and she sighed alone,  
Her bed the damp turf, and her pillow a stone;  
A poor tatter'd blanket envelop'd her form,  
But her bosom was bar'd to the pitiless storm;  
For alas! in that breast reign'd love's ardent desire,  
And she thought the bleak winds might perhaps cool  
the fire.

Her hair was dishevel'd, and straw bound her  
head:  
And lovely her face, though its roses were fled;  
Her notes, though untutor'd by musical art,  
Were plaintively wild, and sunk deep in the heart;  
And the strains that unceasingly flow'd from her  
breast,  
Was "the vulture has plundered the nightingale's  
nest."

Quite frantic I saw her, and pitied her fate;  
I wept, and my bosom was swelling with hate:  
My curses, perfidious despoiler! were thine;  
My sorrow was offer'd at sympathy's shrine;  
For remorseless thou fled'st her, and scoff'd at her  
ain;  
Thou alone art the vulture that pray'st on her brain.

## LOVER'S OATH.

IF I swear by that eye, you'll allow  
Its look is so shifting and new,  
That the oath I might take on it now,  
The very next glance would undo!  
Those babies that nestle so sly,  
Such different arrows have got,  
That an oath on the glance of an eye  
Such as your's, may be off in a shot!  
Should I swear by the dew on your lip,  
Though each moment the treasure renews,  
If my constancy wishes to trip,  
I may kiss off the oath when I choose!  
Or a sigh may disperse from that flow'r  
The dew and the oath that are there,  
And I'd make a new vow ev'ry hour,  
To lose them so sweetly in air!  
But clear up the heav'n of your brow,  
Nor fancy my faith is a feather;  
On my heart I will pledge you my vow,  
And they must be broken together!

THE MISERIES OF HUMAN  
LIFE.

(From the Greek of Posidippus.)

TELL me my friend, the path of life which you  
choose to prefer; or which you would pursue,  
For in the field we find incessant toil,  
Troubles at home our peaceful thoughts embroil,  
And wranglings at the bar our pleasures soil:  
We undergo calamities at sea;  
And on the plain we're not from danger free;  
If we are poor, we're sure to be oppress'd,  
And num'rous cares the marriage state molest;  
Yet if we spend our days without a wife,  
We lead a desert, solitary life:  
If we have children, nameless grief we bear;  
Yet we're unhappy if we want an heir;  
Unguarded youth, alluring follies guide,  
And o'er old age infirmities preside:  
Since then 'tis thus; on this just choice rely,  
"Ne'er to be born, or soon as born to die."

## THE ANSWER.

(From the Greek of Metrodorus.)

EACH path of life some happiness bestows;  
See from the glad some fields what pleasure flows:  
A tranquil rest and ease we find at home,  
And from the bar great fame and honor come;  
Wealth is acquired from the grateful main;  
If rich, great praise from travelling we gain;  
If poor, in blest tranquility we live;  
The marriage state the greatest bliss can give.  
No wedlock cares a single life annoy;  
To parents, children give the greatest joy.  
No anxious cares our infancy molest;  
With vigor youth—with reverence, age is blest,  
Since in each state, some pleasure then we find,  
No more, my friend, to rashness be inclin'd;  
Your inconsiderate choice forgo and fly,  
"Ne'er to be born, or soon as born to die."

## CONJUGAL CONSOLATION.

A WOMAN broke her neck, so fate decreed,  
The neighbors piteously bewail the harm;  
"Ah!" cry'd her husband, "friends, 'tis had in-  
deed,  
But yet, alas! it might have been her arm!"

## EPIGRAM.

THOMAS is sure a most courageous man,  
A word and blow, for ever is his plan;  
And thus his friends explain the curious matter,  
He gives the first, and then receives the latter.

## N. SMITH,

Chymical Perfumer, from Lon-  
don, at the New-York Hair-Powder  
and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose,  
No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel,  
Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well  
known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, red-  
ness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening  
and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is  
very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with  
printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or  
3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair  
and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s.  
and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Po-  
matums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with  
fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a  
most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness  
and chaps, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all  
kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and  
comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the  
skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had  
only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentifrice Tooth Powder, for the  
Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far  
superior to any other for softening, beautifying and  
preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold  
with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

## WHAITES &amp; CHARTERS.

## PATENT PIANO FORTE MAKERS,

No. 19, Barclay-Street, opposite St. Peter's Church,  
Have for sale elegant additional-key'd patent Pianos  
Fortes of superior quality in tone and workmanship to  
any that have been imported, as they are made after  
the latest improvement, with upright Dampers, and  
the Back solid. They will not require tuning so often  
as instruments in general do.

N. B. Second-hand Piano Fortes taken in exchange.  
Instruments lent on hire, tuned and repaired with  
neatness and accuracy.

## TUITION.

The Subscriber returns his thanks to his employers  
for their patronage, and flatters himself that he has  
every reason to hope for a continuance of the same, sol-  
iciting also the patronage of the public, informs, that  
he has removed his School to No. 17, Bancher-Street  
where he proposes continuing the ensuing year. A  
Tutoress will attend in said School for the purpose of  
teaching plain sewing and all kinds of needle work.  
The subscriber continues as usual to give lessons to la-  
dies and gentlemen at their own dwelling, particular-  
ly in the art of Penmanship, wherein he will accomplish  
them in three months or exact no pay.

W. D. LEZELL.

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